

Victory: III

August 9, 2014 | Studio

Victory III

INTRODUCTION As the stream fades up from black, the Saturday Night Victory logo comes across the screen. The funky beat of [Living in America](#) by James Brown begins. The logo pulses until we get to the first chorus. As it fades out we get a shot of screaming fans. We pan across, getting a good look at the new Victory ring aprons and stage.

As we come along the other side of the fans, the camera pans down to an upward angle. Suddenly a series of red, white, and blue pyrotechnics begin to explode on the stage. The theme music continues to go off as the camera changes angles. We get shots of the fans singing along to the sounds of the Godfather of Soul.

From the ring post, red, then blue sparklers begin to crackle up from tops. As the music fades out, the fans are even louder and we pan down to the commentator's booth where Jason Blackfront and Tommy Ace are standing by.

Blackfront: Welcome everybody to Saturday Night Victory. I'm Jason Blackfront and along side of my, my partner Tommy Ace... filling in for Stan Davis and Jennifer Williams tonight.

Ace: It's a big match! You can't have the B-team calling something huge like this. Oh, and please lets clarify.. it's commentating partner... not just partner. Not that there's anything wrong with.. well.. oh nevermind.

Blackfront: It's nothing like that Tommy. Just as Madman asked for La Flama Blanca as his opponent tonight, he also requested that I... uh... we... call this match. So if you re-watch this later Madman, thank you and it's an honor.

Ace: For him maybe. This is taking into happy hour for me.

Blackfront: Tonight will be the biggest Victory yet as Madman Szalinski takes on La Flama Blanca in non title action. I'm excited!

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[IT SHOULD BE A DOOZY](#) The camera goes backstage and the door to the UTA Locker room opens suddenly La Flama Blanca exits. He walks with purpose towards the entrance ramp, he's on his way to the ring.

He looks prepared for his upcoming match with the current UTA World Champion, Madman Szalinski. Another big night and again, a lot to prove for the young super star.

Blackfront: Look who is on his coming to the ring... La Flama Blanca. His opponent none other than the returning, Madman Szalinski. Szalinski is the current UTA champion.

Ace: This is a big match for La Flama Blanca, Jason. Facing the champ can definitely get you noticed.

Blackfront: You can say that again, Tommy. He's in a tough, tough spot right now.

Blanca begins upper cutting the air in front of him with each step he takes.

Blackfront: Tough losses in recent memory against Perfection and Conrad Teller. Most people had high hopes for Blanca getting into the Chamber match.

Ace: Even with all that Jason, he's still one of the most popular stars here. Close to breaking back into the Top Five in the Power Rankings.

Blackfront: But Tommy, that doesn't make him feel better about the situation. We both know, wins are what get you the big matches. It's a known fact that Madman himself chose Flama Blanca as his opponent for tonight's Victory.

UTA cameras continue to follow La Flama Blanca on his way to the ring. Walking steps in front of him. Blanca seems as though he has blinders on. Tunnel vision focused on only what is in front of him.

Ace: I definitely see this being a match that will be talked about in the UTA Universe for a long time.

We cut back to ringside to come to our commentators. The fans behind them are excited. Most wave and a few hold up their signs. *KAYFABE 4 LYFE* and *I paid Spectre with Klondikes!* are a few of them.

Blackfront: I think you're right Tommy. Blanca looks ready but the real question is, is Madman Szalinski? Is he ready for ring competition? This is his first match back in the UTA and it should be a doozy. Could this be what Blanca needs to turn his luck around or will the champ show why he's the king of the mountain? We find out next.

[A MESSAGE FROM CAIN](#)

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A MESSAGE FROM CAIN

The camera opens up with Jennifer Williams standing next to the towering Apollo Cain. He wears a white Gucci shirt with his dreads tied to the back, jeans and a pair of blue and neon green Kevin Durant's...or KD's as they're called.

Apollo: Allow me!

Apollo reaches his hand out and waves in his fingers to get the mic. When Jennifer obliges he waves to shoo her out of the shot.

Cain sneers and lets his gold teeth gleam in the backstage lighting.

Apollo: I'm not here to take up much of your time UTA fans...you paid your money to watch me last week. I'm here to let each and everyone of you know that TOMORROW, I right the wrongs of my debut. It'll be my third match in 8 days and my first time on Wrestleshow. I will not dissappoint!

Apollo pounds his chest with a closed fist.

Apollo: There's too much in there for you Blackbeard. What you lack in the heart department, you make up for it with witty charactures, gimmicks and props. A pirate with an eye patch? A PARROT with an eye patch? I couldn't make this kind of stuff up if I tried. Luckily for me, I don't have to...all I have to do is be me. Be Apollo Cain. The man that lost on Victory and took my mistakes and turned them into rock solid strengths.

Apollo reaches back and yanks the rubber band off his dreads, allowing them to dangle past his shoulders.

Apollo: I'm letting it all hang out Blackbeard. I didn't take you lightly...as you apparently did me. I trained like a madman. I worked on my deficiencies and I'm gonna leave it all in the ring. When the match is over and they raise my hand for my first official UTA win, and you scramble to open your eyes for your first of many UTA losses. Don't look at yourself in a bad light. YOU...are one of many, the first of many. Riding on a pirate ship won't prepare you for this ride...through the HOOD!

Apollo Cain flips the mic at the camera man and walks off.

Off camera he can be heard.

Apollo: Enjoy this Victory, because you won't get one yourself!

[LA FLAMA BLANCA VS. MADMAN SZALINSKI](#)

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MADMAN SZALINSKI VERSUS LA FLAMA BLANCA

Going Down by Freddie King begins to play. The crowd starts to stir as they await La Flama Blanca.

The song is in full swing and Blanca walks through the curtain.

Announcer: On his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds. He hails from Durango, Mexico... LA FLAMA BLANCA!!

He walks down the ramp and slaps the hands of the fans.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca has been on a bit of a losing streak as of recent, but tonight he has a chance to really turn things around with a win over the UTA Champion.

Ace: How does it turn anything around Jason? It's not like if he wins he'll be the champion.

Blackfront: No, but to be the man to beat the champion? That would do wonders for him.

Ace: And if he loses?

Blackfront: I honestly think even if he loses the match tonight will be great and for the fans, there is no loser.

When he finally gets to the ring he jumps up to the outside and hops up to the top rope and then drops into the ring. As the hi-hats count off four to start off *Dr. Wily Part One*, Madman Szalinski jumps out from behind the curtain. Ariel Shadows calmly walks out behind him as he screams some random words out to the fans.

Grasping his hand, Ariel calms Madman down and the two make their way down the aisle. The couple slaps every single hand that reaches out over the railing.

Announcer: From The Fire Fields....

Szalinski rolls into the ring, standing up to hold the ropes for Ariel. Ariel leaps onto the ring apron, then steps through and into the ring.

Announcer: Being accompanied to the ring by Ariel Shadows, weighing in at on hundred and eighty-seven pounds...

Madman runs to the closest turnbuckle, jumping up to the middle rope. Holding his hands out, he begins to play an invisible "controller", mashing buttons briefly before dropping the "controller" and raising his fists into the air.

Announcer: The United Toughness Alliance Champion.... MADMAN SZAAAAAALINSKKKKKIIIIII!!!

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Jumping down from the corner, Szalinski briefly kneels in the corner, head bowed to the turnbuckles, and falls quiet for a few seconds before hopping to his feet and turning remove the title from around his waist and hand it to the referee.

Blackfront: The UTA Champion has never looked better.

Ace: One hunderd and eighty seven pounds is a joke right Jason? Looks like ol' Madman has been increasing his... juice intake... since waking up.

Madman, grinning ear to ear, steps out from the corner with his hands out, reaching one far enough to tap fists with LFB, who isn't smiling as much but is a little bit relaxed. They step back from one another, and the bell rings.

Blackfront: Here we go! This is the champ's first match in over two months!

Ace: I still don't know how he didn't get stripped of the title, Jason.

Madman and LFB lock horns in the center of the ring. Immediately, Madman swings LFB's arm to the side and twists it once into an arm ringer, moving behind and turning the wrist up into a hammerlock. La Flama is quick to duck low and turn to the side, breaking loose and slipping Madman into a side headlock after spinning free.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca really is catching a major break tonight, Tommy. Can you imagine the champ coming back and specifically asking to face you in their first match back?

Ace: Not only that, but he says he did it because he likes him!

During Jason and Tommy's banter on commentary, Madman has broken out of the side headlock by putting the wristlock/hammerlock combination back on, switching back and forth between the two as LFB does not allow him to keep either hold in place for very long.

Blackfront: He respects him, and the respect is definitely mutual. So far, they seem to be taking this kind of slow. Madman is working the arm, and it's like he's allowing La Flama Blanca to move around, he's comfortable in this jockey for position...

Ace: I can't lie, this is a great matchup if you think about it. Both of these guys are mat wrestlers, kind of odd that Blanca with the size advantage is the luchador, while Madman does have more of a bare-bones American style.

With a side headlock being firmly applied onto his cranium, Szalinski pulls LFB back to the ropes with him and pushes off, sending his opponent running to the ropes across the ring. Madman steps into LFB with his hip, grabbing him around the shoulders and flipping him over by hooking a leg with his foot and sweeping it out from underneath.

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Blackfront: Madman with the judo takedown!

Madman goes to wrench on the head and arm together, but a headscissors with the legs brings the UTA Champion back down. LFB holds on, but Madman is about to move about and eventually headstand his way out of the move, landing back on his feet. Madman steps back, backpedaling all the way into the corner.

Ace: And he's tired already!

Blackfront: No, he is not, he's giving him a clean break.

Ace: And these people actually like it, listen to them. Good grief, just get in there and go at it already!

LFB wastes no time coming to his feet. Madman comes in to lock up, but his hands are slapped away roughly. Paying no mind, Szalinski keeps coming in. LFB even jabs a slap towards his face, but Madman keeps moving in closer with the hands coming in. When Madman reaches in, LFB swims through his hands to break them, clinches in, and drives a European uppercut into Madman's upper chest.

Ace: Here we go!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca's coming with the offense now!

LFB uses the recoil to lock Madman in a front face lock, swinging the arm up and over the head quickly. He easily gets Szalinski up and down with a loud snap suplex.

Ace: THERE we go! And he's hanging on...

LFB rolls the duo over, pulling Madman and himself to a standing base...only to slam Madman down with an even louder snap suplex, a slightly audible curse coming from Szalinski when he hits the canvas.

Blackfront: Two! And he's going for the third one!

Ace: A hat trick of pain!

The crowd is cheering, split between both men, as LFB prepares to snap Madman for a third suplex. He goes to bring Madman up, but Madman curls his knees and blocks the attempt. Madman then twirls LFB hard, dropping him quickly with a swinging neckbreaker out of nowhere.

Blackfront: Amazing reversal!

Ace: Not bad, not bad..wait a second, does he still have him by the neck?

Madman pulls LFB up with the neck by using a three-quarter nelson, then a light front face lock to set up a second swinging neckbreaker, the crowd now stomping the bleachers with their support nearly equally

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divided.

Blackfront: Madman wants one more! He wants one more!

Madman points high into the air, but LFB escapes just as Madman starts turning him for the third swinging neckbreaker.

Ace: Can't show off!

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca gets out!

When Madman turns all the way around to face LFB, a standing dropkick awaits him. Madman stumbles back a bit against the ropes, but a two-step running clothesline flips him backwards, over and onto the floor where he lands onto his feet, falling back against the railing. LFB stays in the ring, getting a little bit of a bounce to him while turning his body towards the ropes across the ring, but keeping his eyes on Szalinski as he pulls himself to his feet by using the railing.

Blackfront: What's La Flama Blanca about to do here?

LFB runs across the ring, looking to hit a suicide dive. Madman pulls back at the last second, prompting LFB to grab the ropes and do the same.

Ace: Close!...

LFB slides through underneath the bottom with a baseball slide anyway, but Madman sidesteps. LFB comes out onto the floor, where Madman meets him.

Blackfront: They're going at it on the floor now, not even slowing down...

Madman attempts to whip LFB into the ringpost, but LFB jukes around and leapfrogs onto the apron on the adjacent side of the ringpost. Madman comes around the ringpost, but LFB turns the corner with a springboard rounding crossbody from the apron!

Blackfront: What a move by La Flama Blanca! Now they have to slow down!

Ace: Not too slow, they'll get counted out!

Blackfront: They'll carry each other back into the ring if they have to!

Madman and LFB move around on the floor, the ref now at two in his ten-count. Madman pulls himself to all fours with the bottom of the railing as LFB crawls up from the ring apron.

Blackfront: The champ's getting to his feet...Madman Szalinski in his first match back since winning the title

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at Black Horizon clear back in June, against someone he says is his closest friend on the roster in La Flama Blanca...

Madman is leaning over the railing, now on his feet. LFB sits on the ring apron, swinging his legs through to break the count.

Blackfront: Now Madman is getting back into the ring....La Flama Blanca is waiting for him to get back to his feet...

LFB shoves Madman back into the nearest corner, quickly whipping him across the ring into the opposite corner. Madman jumps up to the middle rope, but LFB ducks through underneath when he leaps off with a Bionic elbow.

Ace: Jesus H. Christ, did he think that was gonna do any good?

Blackfront: He almost got La Flama Blanca-MADMAN DUCKS THE SPINNING HEEL KICK! OUT OF NOWHERE BY LA FLAMA BLANCA!

LFB gets up quickly after missing the kick, but Madman does not miss when he throws a stiff open hand to La Flama's cheek. Madman uses a forearm to hit him again, and shove him back into the corner.

Blackfront: What a slap by Madman Szalinski!

Madman attempts to whip LFB out, but LFB reverses and squashes Madman in the same corner, throwing a short right hand to the head after doing so. LFB jumps onto Madman, hooking his legs into the ropes while on the middle ropes with his knees, throwing more short punches.

Blackfront: Madman's in BIG trouble now!

LFB widens his shots a little more, but Madman can do little to deflect them. LFB holds Szalinski's head back to hit him again.

Ace: Came back from a heart attack just to take a beating like this...

Madman traps LFB's arm, and pulls him in close. LFB loses balance, and one of his feet slips from being hooked on the rope. Madman walks out of the corner, holding LFB over his left shoulder.

Blackfront: How did Madman get out of that?

Madman takes a couple of steps forward, turning around and dropping back to put LFB down with a waterwheel suplex. Sitting up, Madman holds his head and falls over to one side, while LFB is still laid out.

Blackfront: And now we've got both of them down...the first one to make a mistake will lose this one.

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Ace: Or the first one not to have a heart attack in the ring.

Blackfront: Enough's enough.

Ace: Enough was enough when he puked all over everybody in the ring back in April. This is just too much. Look, he's in the fetal position for God's sake!

The camera looks over at Madman, still holding his head while curled up on the mat. Meanwhile, LFB rolls over to push himself up onto his knees.

Blackfront: This is still anybody's match, but I have to admit, I don't think it favors the champ as time goes on.

Ace: And La Flama Blanca did seem to land some good punches in the corner...

Blackfront: How about that strength of Madman Szalinski there?

Ace: Yeah, yeah.

*? There is no doubt about it
I'm one of kind, baby
I am le d'Artagnan de coeur
As you may see, candy ?*

Perfection steps out from the back and the fans begin booing. La Flama Blanca, still on his knees quickly darts his head in that direction with a shocked look on his face.

Blackfront: It seems Perfection can't leave well enough alone and let these two have a good, competitive match.

Ace: Why should he? He wants to be champion and the champion should never sit back and rest. This is the dedication he will show when he wins the belt.

Perfection makes it to the ring, and just smiles at La Flama Blanca as he walks around heading toward the announcers.

Blackfront: Oh great, he's coming over here.

Ace: Pull a chair up champ!

Perfection threatens the ring announcer who gets out of his seat. Perfection pulls it over next to Tommy and sits down, staring at the ring.

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Blackfront: It seems Perfection is out here to watch the rest of the match. But you have to wonder, what is his ulterior motives? This is nothing more than mind games for both La Flama Blanca and Madman Szalinski.

Ace: See, The Spectre isn't the only one who can mess with people's minds, is he? Now, quit bad mouthing the next UTA Champion.

Blackfront: Perfection still has to make it through Yoshii on Wrestleshow before he even gets a shot Tommy, and that is no easy obstacle to overcome.

La Flama Blanca pushes completely up to his feet and heads over to the ropes, yelling at Perfection.

Blackfront: La Flama Blanca distracted by Perfection, this may be bad as it appears Madman Szalinski is stirring and doesn't realize what's going on.

Madman rolls over and begins to get up. He sees La Flama Blanca with his back turned and leaps up running toward Blanca who still has his attention somewhere else. However, he quickly puts the breaks on it, completely stopping as he sees Perfection outside of the ring also.

Blackfront: Szalinski saw Perfection and like the true champion he is, is not using it to his advantage to take out his friend.

Ace: It's weakness and the number one reason come Ring King, he will not leave with the title. No wonder he's never had a successful defense anytime he has worn a championship.

Blackfront: It's more like respect and honor Tommy, something you'd know nothing about.

Madman heads over to the ropes next to La Flama Blanca, turning to him and talking, as if telling him to forget about Perfection and to continue the match.

Ace: Are you kidding me? A friendly conversation? Madman could have won this in a split second with a roll up on La Flama Blanca!

Blackfront: But it wouldn't have been a honest win.

Ace: A win is a win.

Perfection just sits and stares at the two men as they both turn away from him and walk to the center of the ring. They both turn toward each other and pause before bumping knuckles and turning back toward the ropes and running. Both men drop to the canvas and slide out of the ring. Perfection quickly jumps up into a defense position as Madman and La Flama Blanca rush him and both jump.

Blackfront: DOUBLE DROP KICK TO PERFECTION OUTSIDE OF THE RING!

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Perfection is shot backward into the table. Both Jason and Tommy quickly push their chairs back and jump up, out of the way. Madman and La Flama Blanca both, on each side of Perfection, grab his head and come forward, rolling him into the ring under the bottom rope.

Ace: Now this is not fair! It's two on one!

Blackfront: Not fair? Perfection shouldn't be out here to begin with!

As Madman and La Flama Blanca slide into the ring under the bottom ropes, perfection quickly leaps forward before dropping down and rolling to the outside of the ring. he holds his lower back as he begins to walk backwards up the ramp. Both of the competitors make their way to the ropes and begin yelling at him.

Blackfront: I believe this one may be over here as the referee is calling for the bell.

Both La Flama Blanca and Madman Szalinski turn to each other with their hands on their hips. La Flama Blanca extends his hand and his friend takes it before they turn a handshake into a bro hug.

Ace: Sickening.

Blackfront: This is what it's about folks, respect and admiration for...

The lights go out.

Blackfront: Now what?

Ace: Is it just me, or did it get colder in here?

Blackfront: I'm unsure what's going on. Wait, what's that noise coming from the ring? Can you see anything?

Ace: I can't!

Suddenly the lights come back up and standing tall over both La Flama Blanca and Madman Szalinski in the ring is the one, and only.. former UTA Champion.. Sean Jackson.

Blackfront: What's he doing out here?! Why is Sean Jackson attacking these guys?

Ace: Why not? Did you forget Madman DID win the title from him?

Jackson just stares silently down at the men and snarls as the fans begin to boo. The camera moves to zoom in on Perfection who is grinning ear to ear much like Madman Szalinski had before the start of the match. He begins to clap.

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Blackfront: If I didn't know any better.. I'd say Perfection has something to do with this! Was this his plan all along, to throw both of these men off in order for Jackson to attack?!

Ace: BRILLIANT!

Jackson steps over the unconscious bodies and heads to the ropes, stepping through them to the apron before jumping down to the floor. The fans continue to boo.

Blackfront: I'm lost Tommy.

Ace: You should be used to that Jason.

? I Can Feel it... coming in the air tonight... oh lord... ?

Phil Collins' *In The Air Tonight* begins as the camera zooms in on Jackson, still silent, looking around at the booing fans as Perfection approaches him, patting Jackson on the back who never changes his expression.

Blackfront: These two... they... oh my God Tommy... I just realized that in the Chamber match, they never actually locked up. Was that all a farce? Were they working together then?!

Ace: This is a bigger reveal of pure mind games than Spectre has ever thought of! Perfection and Sean Jackson.. together? It's.. it's.. PERFECT!

Blackfront: My lord... just two weeks from Ring King and they have just changed everything we thought we knew going in with one single action.

As Perfection and Sean Jackson begin up the ramp, *In the Air Tonight* mixes into *Perfect Gentleman*. They reach the top of the stage and both turn, looking to see that neither the champion nor his opponent have moved. They both smile and the fans boo.

Blackfront: There are terrible things on the horizon. I thought I would never say this, but where is The Spectre?! Someone needs to take Jackson out! If Sean Jackson and Perfection are indeed working together, will there be anyone who can stop them?

Ace: No way Jason! These two... you're looking at franchise players in the UTA. Champions. That's a dynasty in the making Jason!

Blackfront: I fear for the two in the ring and the rest of the locker room as we head into *Wrestleshow* and into *Ring King*...

The camera zooms in on Madman and La Flama Blanca both still out as the copyright comes up and we fade to black.

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Show Credits

Segment: "Victory III" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite